

In Recital

Margaret Romao, soprano

accompanied by

Esther Chu, piano

Friday, March 31, 1995 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

From Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840)

1. In der Fremde
3. Waldespräch
5. Mondnacht
12. Frühlingsnacht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Les Berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)

Notre Amour, Op. 23, No. 2 (1879)

Après un Rêve (1865)

Chanson d'Amour, Op. 27, No. 1 (1882)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Il Bacio (ca. 1859)

Luigi Arditi
(1822-1903)

Intermission

At the Corner (1995)

Margaret Romao
(b. 1974)

From **Five Lyrics of the T'ang Dynasty**

1. The Staircase of Jade
2. The Limpid River
4. On a Rainy Night

arr. by John Beckwith
translated by Witter Bynner

From **Over the Rim of the Moon** (1918)

1. The Ships of Arcady
2. My Beloved
3. A Blackbird Singing

Michael Head
(1900-1976)

From **The Enchantress** (1911)

Art is calling for me

Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)

Liederkreis

In der Fremde

From my home beyond the lightning's flash,
the clouds drift over me.

But father and mother are long since dead,
and no one there remembers me any more.

How soon, how soon comes the quiet time
when I too shall rest; and over me
will rustle the lovely, lonely forest.
And no one will remember me any more even here.

Waldesgespräch

"It is already late, it is already cold,
Why do you ride lonely through the woods?
The wood is large, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I guide you home."

"Great is men's cunning and deceit,
With sorrow my heart has been broken,
The hunter's horn sounds here and you
Oh flee! Oh flee! you know not who I am."
"So richly adored are steed and woman,
So wondrously fair, so wondrously fair the young
body;

I know you now, may God help me!
You are the sorceress Lorelei!"

"You know me well, from the rock on high
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold,
Nevermore will you leave this wood.

Mondnacht

It seemed as though the heavens
had kissed the earth to silence,
so that, amid glistening flowers,
she must now dream heavenly dreams.

The breeze passed through the fields;
the corn stirred softly;
the forest rustled lightly,
so clear and starry was the night.

And my soul spread
wide its wings;
took flight through the silent land
as though it were flying home.

Frühlingsnacht

Over the garden, through the breezes,
I heard passage birds flying:
that presages fragrant spring.
Underfoot the flowers are already beginning to
bloom.

I want to shout for joy! I want to weep!
I cannot believe what I feel;
old wonders appear again
in the light of the moon.

And the moon, the stars, are telling it,
and in my dreams the wood rustles it;
and the nightingales peal it forth:
She is yours! She is yours!

Les Berceaux

Along the quays, the large ships.
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Notre Amour

Our love is a light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe in dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
like morning songs.
When there are no sorrows to lament,
where there is a thrill of an uncertain hope.

Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries of the woods,
where an unknown soul quivers,
where the silences are eloquent.

Notre Amour (continued)

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets,
where the sea, united to the sky,
falls asleep beneath the inclining sun.

Our love is an eternal thing,
as all that a victorious god
has touched with the fire of his wing,
as all that comes from the heart.

Après un Rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and
clear.
You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendours unknown, glimpses of divine light...
Alas! Alas!, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Chanson d'Amour

I love your eyes, I love your face
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From you feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Il Bacio

If I might I would implant
a gentle kiss upon your lips.
All the sweets of love I'd tell you.
Always seated at your side,
a thousand joyous things I'd tell you,
oh, I would tell you.
And beats I would hear
of your heart answering mine.
Nor jewels nor pearls do I desire.
I do not crave any other affection.
A look from you is all my treasure.
Ah! Come, oh, come—delay no more—to me!
Oh, come! In the intoxication of an embrace
let me live!
Oh, come close to me, etc.